

To Her ROYAL HIGHNESS the

PRINCESS of WALES,

Caroline, Queen Consort of George III.

With the Tragedy of CATO. Nov. 1714.

T O

Sir GODFREY KNELLER,

O N H I S

P I C T U R E of the K I N G.

The SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. Tonson, at Shakespear's-Head over-
against Catherine-street in the Strand. 1716.

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PRINCESS OF WALES

With the Tragedy of Cato. Nov. 1714

TO

ST. GODFREY KNELLER



ON HIS

PICTURE of the KING

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To Her ROYAL HIGHNESS the
 PRINCESSES of *W A L E S*,

With the Tragedy of *CATO*. Nov. 1714.

THE Muse that oft, with sacred Raptures fired,
 Has gen'rous Thoughts of Liberty inspired,
 And, boldly rising for *Britannia's* Laws,
 Engaged great *Cato* in her Country's Cause,
 On You submissive waits, with Hopes assured,
 By whom the mighty Blessing stands secured,
 And all the Glories, that our Age adorn,
 Are promis'd to a People yet unborn.

No longer shall the widow'd Land bemoan
 A broken Lineage, and a doubtful Throne;
 But boast her Royal Progeny's Increase,
 And count the Pledges of her future Peace.
 O Born to strengthen and to grace our Isle!
 While You, fair PRINCESS, in your Off-spring smile

Supplying Charms to the succeeding Age,
 Each Heav'nly Daughter's Triumphs we presage;
 Already see th' Illustrious Youths complain,
 And pity Monarchs doom'd to fight in vain.

Thou too the Darling of our fond Desires,
 Whom *Union*, opening wide her Arms, requires,
 With manly Valour and attractive Air
 Shalt quell the Fierce, and captivate the Fair,
 O *England's* younger Hope! in whom conspire
 The Mother's Sweetness, and the Father's Fire!
 For Thee perhaps, ev'n Now, of Kingly Race
 Some dawning Beauty bloom's in ev'ry Grace,
 Some CAROLINA, to Heav'n's Dictates true,
 Who, while the Scepter'd Rivals vainly sue,
 Thy inborn Worth with conscious Eyes shall see,
 And flight th' Imperial Diadem for Thee.

Pleas'd with the Prospect of successive Reigns,
 The tuneful Tribe no more in daring Strains
 Shall vindicate, with pious Fears oppress'd,
 Endanger'd Rights, and Liberty Distrest:

To

To milder Sounds each Muse shall tune the Lyre,
 And Gratitude, and Faith to Kings inspire,
 And Filial Love; bid impious Discord cease,
 And sooth the madding Factions into Peace;
 Or rise Ambitious in more lofty Lays,
 And teach the Nation their new Monarch's Praise,
 Describe his awful Look, and Godlike Mind,
 And *Cæsar's* Pow'r with *Cato's* Vertue join'd.

Mean-while, Bright PRINCESS, who, with graceful Ease
 And native Majesty, are form'd to please,
 Behold those Arts with a propitious Eye,
 That suppliant to their great Protectress fly!
 Then shall they Triumph, and the *British* Stage
 Improve her Manners, and refine her Rage,
 More noble Characters expose to view,
 And draw her finish'd Heroines from You.

Nor You the kind Indulgence will refuse,
 Skill'd in the Labours of the deathless Muse:
 The deathless Muse with undiminisht Rays
 Through distant Times the lovely Dame conveys.

To

To GLORIANA *Waller's* Harp was strung;
 The Queen still shines, because the Poet sung.
 Ev'n all those Graces, in your Frame combin'd,
 The common Fate of Mortal Charms may find;
 (Content Our short-liv'd Praises to engage,
 The Joy and Wonder of a Single Age,)
 Unless some Poet in a lasting Song
 To late Posterity their Fame prolong,
 Instruct our Sons the radiant Form to prize,
 And see Your Beauty with their Fathers' Eyes.

T O

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Sir GODFRET KNELLER,
ON HIS
PICTURE of the KING.

KNELLER, with silence and surprize
We see *Britannia's* Monarch rise,
A Godlike Form, by Thee display'd
In all the force of Light and Shade;
And, Aw'd by thy delusive Hand,
As in the Prefence-chamber stand.

The Magick of thy Art calls forth
His Secret Soul and Hidden Worth,
His Probity and Mildness shows,
His Care of Friends, and Scorn of Foes:

In ev'ry Stroke, in ev'ry Line,
 Does some exalted Vertue shine,
 And *Albion's* Happiness we trace
 Through all the Features of his Face.

O may I live to hail the Day,
 When the glad Nation shall survey
 Their Sov'reign, through his wide Command,
 Passing in Progress o'er the Land!
 Each Heart shall bend, and ev'ry Voice
 In loud applauding Shouts rejoice,
 Whilst All his Gracious Aspect praise,
 And Crowds grow Loyal as they Gaze.

This Image on the Medal place'd,
 With its Bright Round of Titles grace'd,
 And Stamp'd on *British* Coins shall Live;
 To Richest Ores the Value give,
 Or, wrought within the Curious Mould,
 Shape and adorn the Running Gold.
 To bear this Form, the Genial Sun
 Has daily, since his Course begun,
 Rejoice'd the Metal to Refine,
 And Ripen'd the *Peruvian* Mine.

Thou,

Thou, *Kneller*, long with noble Pride
 (The Foremost of thy Art) ha'st vied
 With Nature in a gen'rous Strife,
 And touch'd the Canvas into Life.
 Thy Pencil has, by Monarchs fought,
 From Reign to Reign in Ermine wrought,
 And, in their Robes of State array'd,
 The Kings of half an Age display'd.

Here swarthy *Charles* appears, and there
 His Brother with Dejected Air;
 Triumphant *Nassau* here we find,
 And with him bright *Maria* join'd;
 There *Anna*, Great as when she sent
 Her Armies through the Continent,
 E'er yet her Hero was disgrac't :
 O may fam'd BRUNSWICK be the Last,
 (Though Heav'n shou'd with my Wish agree,
 And long preserve thy Art in Thee)
 The Last, the Happiest *British* King,
 Whom Thou shalt paint, or I shall sing!

Wise *Phidias*, thus his Skill to prove,
 Through many a God advanc'd to Jove,

And

And taught the polish'd Rocks to shine
 With Airs and Lineaments divine;
 Till *Greece*, amaz'd, and half-afraid,
 'Th' Assembled Deities survey'd.

Great *Pan*, who went to chase the Fair,
 And lov'd the spreading Oak, was there;
 Old *Saturn* too with up-cast Eyes
 Beheld his Abdicated Skies;
 And mighty *Mars*, for War renown'd,
 In Adamantine Armour frown'd;
 By Him the childless Goddess rose,
Minerva, studious to compose
 Her twisted Threads; the Webb she strung,
 And o'er a Loom of Marble hung:
Thetis the troubled Ocean's Queen,
 Match'd with a Mortal, next was seen
 (Reclining on a Fun'ral Urn)
 Her short-liv'd Darling Son to Mourn.
 The Last was He, whose Thunder flew
 The *Titan*-race, a Rebel Crew,
 That from a Hundred Hills, allie'd
 In impious Leagues, their King defie'd.

This Wonder of the Sculptor's Hand
 Produc'd, his Art was at a stand:
 For who wou'd hope New Fame to raise,
 Or risque his well-establish'd Praise,
 That, his high Genius to approve,
 Had drawn a *GEORGE*, or carv'd a *Jove*!

F I N I S.



This Wonder of the Century

Produced by the Art of a Hand

For who would hope to write

Or rival his well-known Pen

That his high Genius to approve

Had drawn a GEORGE, or even a John



F. W. L.



